UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

MR. SATORI KATO, of Tokio, Japan, has been a welcome visitor at UNITY office this week. He is a gentleman of culture and is in thorough sympathy with the Unitarian movement. We hope he will be seen and heard at Saratoga. He dreams of a *Free Church of Japan*, as some of us do of an *American Church*. If this is to be realized it must be through the efforts of native workers. Let their hands be upheld.

A WRITER in the *Congregationalist* discussing "A Few Points in Minor Morals," condemns the lax methods employed in many of the smaller duties of life, and the entire contradiction in principle they often show when compared to the motives governing affairs of more consequence. He speaks of the wrath of the man, who suffering from some dishonesty from a railroad corporation, openly declared his intention to "get even" with them, *i. e.*, to repay a wrong suffered by a wrong done. He also calls to mind the partisan zeal shown in many public meetings, often of a religious character, to impose on the rights of the minority, to force a vote and declare the result unanimous, when it is clearly nothing of the kind. The use of uncanceled tickets on a railroad, the willingness, sometimes eagerness, with which a passenger will avail himself of the conductor's oversight, to save himself a nickel or a dime; and the carelessness with which letters of recommendation are given, supply other illustrations of his text. He speaks with still sounder truth and clearer insight, however, when at the close he declares there are no minor sins, that these mentioned and all their kind are downright offenses, small but potent in the destruction of manly honor and integrity. There are degrees in the results of wrong-doing, one bad action is more or less harmful than another, but the continually ramifying influence of even the smallest misdemeanor is impossible to estimate.

OCTAVE THANET, in the *Atlantic* for September, writes: "Numerically the Methodists are in the van of all the denominations, especially among the negroes, although hard pressed by the Baptists. Of late years the Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics have made a marked impression on the African imagination. In Little Rock there is a flourishing colored chapel with a vested choir, and very droll it is to hear one black mite after another plead with the organist: Please, Miss Susie, cayn't I tote de cross? Another little African—but this story has nothing to do with the subject; it is simply thrown in, as it were, to encourage the patient reader—rushed to the house of the rector of Fort Smith and frantically rang the bell until he appeared; then gasped 'Oh, Mist' D——, Miz M——, she's dead, and she say for you and Miz D—— come over there right straight.'"

MANY false and illogical as well as as true things, are said, in these days of intellectual emancipation, about the use and worth of authority. There is no age or condition of mental growth in which the principle of authority, justly conceived and employed, has not its place. The mistakes history shows, in this respect, and which man has suffered from so seriously, spring from its unworthy bestowal. Rightly conceived and bestowed it arouses only the spirit of obedience which is a necessary factor in all social life, its most important integrating force. The principle of loyalty is as necessary to the welfare of the state, the home or any form of organized life as that of liberty. Lucretia Mott reached the solution of the problem very nearly in her wise, sententious utterance: "Truth for authority, not authority for truth." The patriot, Mazzini, has as true, if somewhat more extended word on the same subject, when he says, "Authority is sacred when it is neither the corpse of a dead authority, nor a lie assuming its name, but intrusted with and able to fulfill the mission of representing and developing the moral principle of the epoch; and the eternal problem of this world is—not the destruction of authority, but the search after, and substitution of, a new authority for such authorities as are false or extinct."

AMONG the many notices of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's "Life and Letters of Robert Browning" which we have seen, none has seemed to us to state more closely the real merits and weaknesses of the work than the review contributed to the *Dial* by Anna B. McMahan. She praises Mrs. Orr's work for its good taste, the arrangement of matter and the amount of new information she is able to furnish the reader; but she thinks, as does Mr. Chadwick in the *Christian Register*, that the complete life of Browning is yet to be written, one that shall be equally satisfactory from the critical and biographical point of view. "What we miss in Mrs. Orr," says Mrs. McMahan, "is the trained literary sense, a sense which would have led her to set her central figure in the life of the times in which he lived, and to show how he acted on these and was acted upon by them." This is especially necessary, she adds, for any adequate conception of his religious poems:

> It should have been the task of a biographer to show not only that the longest of the poems in "Dramatis Personæ," "A Death in the Desert," is Browning's contribution to the Renan controversy,—a fact generally recognized,—but also that the volume as a whole takes its type from the prevailing temper of the time. "Gold Hair," the story of the girl miser, is used as an opportunity to utter his own convictions:
>
> "The candid incline to surmise of late
> That the Christian faith may be false, I find;
> For our 'Essays and Reviews' debate
> Begins to tell on the public mind,
> And Colenso's words have weight.
>
> "I still, to suppose it true, for my part
> See reasons and reasons; this, to begin:
> 'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
> At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
> The Corruption of Man's Heart."
>
> "Caliban" is another instance—a poem, probably the only one in literature, dealing with the inner workings of an acute but half-savage mind, laboring like the rest of us to construct a Deity after its own pattern. It might be labeled as the poetical counterpart of Herbert Spencer's essay on "The Use of Anthropomorphism."

THE possibility of the return of Rev. Brooke Herford to England, in response to an invitation to the charge of Rosslyn Hill Unitarian church, Hampstead, London, is a subject of interest to the Unitarian body at large, here and across the ocean. Mr. Herford has made a distinct place for himself in his work in this country, and has become a potent factor in the liberal religious life of Boston, building up the old Channing church to a new era of popular influence and prosperity, and extending his labors to Cambridge, as one of the preachers at at Harvard University. In the letter which Mr. Herford publishes in the *Register*, showing the reasons which appear against and in favor of an acceptance of this invitation the American reader will find much food for thought in the special claim his English brethren of the fold have on him, not by the fact that they are his compatriots only, but for the reason that in England Unitarians are not only heretics but "dissenters, with all the social stigma that word conveys." Mr. Herford speaks on this point with a tenderness and loyalty that does him the greatest credit. Whether he goes or stays he will continue to do faithful, energetic work in the cause of that liberal Christianity to which he is so sincerely attached.

WE are in receipt of a communication from a member of the council of the National Conference, protesting against what he considers an unfair inference in our editorial of last week in regard to the omission of the usual report of the Western Conference in the programme of the coming session at Saratoga. He says, "It was intended for the W. U. C. to come in here, and be given as much time as usual," but he also says in another connection, "We ask from all suggestions rather than reports." This is just as we understand it and what we regret. Our comment was based upon a letter not now at hand, from the secretary of the National Conference, in which the above distinction was clearly drawn. In our judgment, and as we think past experience demonstrates, reports of work actually done, and of formulated plans, prove the best basis for conference deliberations, and the most inspiring to the delegates in attendance. The W. U. C. has something to report of interest to the Unitarians of America, and which ought to be brought before them, as things accomplished within the last two years. The completion of the Parker Memorial Fund, and the raising of $25,000 as a permanent Endowment Fund, together with the maintenance of the various activities at the Chicago Headquarters, are facts which necessarily enter into the history of American Unitarianism. The fact that some of the churches in the West have not co-operated in this work, does not make it less significant or important; no more than would the fact that some Massachusetts churches have failed to co-operate with the A. U. A. lessen the right of that organization to report itself. We trust that some representative of the W. U. C. will make the "suggestions" asked for, but we still think many will miss the extended and always welcome report from that field represented by the W. U. C.

The "Unitarian Review."

One of the important matters for the consideration of the coming National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga promises to be the question of "What to do with the *Unitarian Review*." This is the monthly organ of Unitarian scholarship, which for many years has had to be heavily subsidized by the A. U. A. The *Review* is the indirect descendant of the *Examiner* of twenty and more years ago. That quarterly was the organ of Unitarian students at a time when the Unitarians held largely a monopoly upon a certain kind of scholarship concerning Biblical and other theological questions. There are those among us who have never ceased to pine for the lost glory of that periodical, and who wait the coming of another "organ" that will be as conspicuous a leader of thought, as marked a vehicle of advanced culture and scholarly investigation as that was in its time. We are loath to believe that the age of scholarship and the line of prophetic thinkers have died out; but it is a patent fact that all attempts to revive the conspicuous standard of excellence which that paper maintained seem to go unrewarded. Instead of being depressed by this fact, we are inclined to think that it is a most hopeful and encouraging indication that what was once, at most, the exclusive prerogative of a small sect, has become the common wealth of many denominations, the aim of many high-class periodicals, and a characteristic feature of the undenominational and, technically speaking, the non-religious press. The time has gone by, we believe, when the advanced and clearest scholarship

of the age, will have to seek, or will consent to find utterance under any denominational or sectarian name. The Unitarian word which is now offered to the world finds a more abundant publication in the pages of the *Forum*, the *Arena*, the *North American*, the *Review of Reviews;* not to speak of the more solid and elaborately equipped quarterlies and monthlies published on the other side of the water. In view of this consideration, we have little interest in the movement to establish a "scholarly review," that will in some way or another carry the Unitarian trademark or suggest the Unitarian boundary. Just as sure as we insist on the one, we lose the other. Scholars who have something valuable and fresh to say upon questions of the Bible, religious history, Christianity, evolution, or the practical philanthropies, do not have to go begging for a hearing. They take their wares into the open market and find a sale for the same in proportion to their excellence. So we are willing to let the last remnant and relic of the splendid *Examiner*, to which all those whose intellectual life among Unitarians dates back twenty years, are much indebted, disappear, not in defeat, but in triumph. It is not death, but translation. We suspect that if the matter was closely tested, all the specifically denominational or theological reviews that twenty-five years ago commanded the attention of students, have greatly declined in their thought-holding power, and have lost their prerogative as the mouthpiece of specialized learning, while on the other hand, the secular publishing houses and the unecclesiastical and secular organs of thought have become very much more potent, in shaping public sentiment and in moulding popular thought. There is more and not less interest in the study of Biblical and spiritual questions. There is so much interest now, where then there was so little, that the publishers who go into the business for the sake of making money, find it profitable to deal in such material. So we think the wisest thing the Unitarians at Saratoga can do next week is to let the work of publishing Reviews and sustaining Magazines be left to those who find it profitable so to do, and let the money that would be necessary to sustain such ventures, go into the sustaining of men who will take the printed word, add to it the incalculable plus quantity represented by the human voice. Let the scholar's thought be accentuated by the prophet's earnestness, the emphasis of the human personality, and then Unitarianism will become more potent and better understood. Let our missionary agencies be invested chiefly in men, and in the distribution of such printed words as reflect and augment the men and women that carry our banners, and are trying to unite individuals in the bonds of religious fellowship, on the high levels of human helpfulness and holy endeavor.

The Leper on the Ash-Heap.

Outside and inside the book of Job is a conundrum. No Bible book has so laughed at the critics trying to trace its origin and purpose; and still it waits, the Mona Lisa of the Bible gallery, to fascinate, delight and baffle every one who comes. Here is another reverent study of the book as one of the great poems of the world's literature.* First comes an introduction of more than a hundred pages to decide its central theme, its right to class among the "epics" of the Soul, its probable date and authorship, and to describe it part by part with running comment. Then the poem itself is given in new translation, arranged in sections—"short swallow flights of song," like "In Memoriam," and equipped with ample notes. This arrangement and the spirited translation—we are no judge of its accuracy—and the abrupt and springing punctuation, take out many tangles for the reader. But care and reverence can unmake as well as make a teacher. Mr. Genung is no verbal commentator, but he uses blackboard and pointer too much to bring little meanings out, while his enthusiasm reads large meanings in.

He sees to the poem's heart, however. Job, he holds, is no mere record of an old debate about the question, "Why do the righteous suffer?" but the story of a soul's experience. It is the picture of a righteous sufferer clinging to his loyalty through all the unearned torture God inflicts. The Satan's sneer is, "Doth Job serve God for naught?" And Job's history proves there *is* a righteousness which is not work done for reward. The man's faithfulness, and not the *pro* and *con* of argument that bring that faithfulness to light, is the poem's central theme. So far Mr. Genung seems about right. But when he spiritualized Job's longing to vindicate his innocence against God's decree into a longing to realize God's presence in his soul, and when he calls the poem an "Epic" of the Inner Life, meaning thereby that it is a kind of ancient "Pilgrim's Progress," then we feel that he is reading noble meanings in. In his stormy voyage of doubt Job makes certain "radiant landing-places of faith, one after another," we are told,—notably, the conception of immortality, and the conviction of a Heavenly Advocate, this last giving the poem a messianic touch. But the reference to immortality is so slight and doubtful that there are critics who call it none at all, and the Advocate to whom Job appeals is evidently God himself,—none other. Moreover, the passage of a soul from faith to faith takes time, an "epic of the inner life" takes living; a Pilgrim's Progress is not made in the course of a half-hour's debate!

To one reading and re-reading, and trying to untwist his own preconceptions, the book yields this result:

(1) Job nowhere speaks of a future life, where all will be set right: rather the other way,—he wishes there were one, but there is not.

(2) Job nowhere says that he believes that God is good through all his woe: rather the other way,—he says, God prospers the wicked often and makes the righteous suffer.

(3) But the one thing he is sure of is that he himself is innocent; that the woe has come upon an upright man; and that, at last somewhere, somewhen, God himself who has inflicted it, and who now will neither speak nor listen, must *vindicate* him as upright, and will.

(4) God offers no excuse, no explanation; he simply quells Job into silence by his array of wonders in creation and in providence. And Job submits, and asks no more, and repents of having spoken.

(5) Then God approves of Job, and disapproves of the "friends" who have all the time been clamoring, "God is just." Job has spurned their doctrine that suffering is a proof of sin and prosperity of virtue; he has affirmed against them to the very last his righteousness; and *he has never called God just.* That He is the Almighty, the Inscrutable, they have vied in saying,—but Job has never called God just. And God is honest enough to approve and exalt the man who rightfully denied His righteousness.

This is the poem that is called one of the greatest in all literature. It may be that there are several noble poems, six at least, four short ones and two long, imbedded in it,—but one must lay aside established reverences and look towards the established blasphemies to see its greatness truly. It may be that, but the greatness does not lie in any light it throws on the mysteries of Providence or on the majesty of the character of God. Let us be honest, too. What are we to think of this Jehovah who consents to torture "a perfect and an upright man," simply to *test* his faithfulness? It is not Zeus torturing Prometheus for having blessed mankind; but is he better? For Zeus had at least a rebel in Prometheus, and in Job Jehovah had a saint. Job, not Jehovah, is the sublime figure of the book,—Job standing fast in his integrity and appealing from Jehovah unjust to Jehovah just. The grandeur of the poem lies in the heroic *No* to God uttered by the leper on the ash-heap.

Upon the mystery of the distribution of suffering among men, the poem throws no light. Like Plato's "Phædo," the famous old world debate upon the other mystery, Immortality, Job holds disappointment for the modern reader. The friends' doctrine just referred to, that God uplifts the good and fells the sinner surely here on earth, was the Hebrew orthodoxy of the day. It expected Providence to work its issues out within the small plot of each individual's lifetime. This doctrine the poet overthrows by Job the fact, Job the illustration of the contrary. But the poor fellow with all his seeking can not find, nor does the Almighty from the whirlwind offer any other solution of the problem. Job gives it up as insoluble: "I am small, I will speak no more." And the Almighty means he should! That is the outcome of the long debate and the theophany.

Besides that ancient Hebrew theory, three other well-known answers to problems have been ventured. They might be called the Christian, the Greek and the modern answers. The Christian answer—but all religions share it—is that, where justice fails on earth, God rewards the good and punishes the bad *hereafter.* It is the theory of the two times. But this assumes the future, and it does not explain why the recompenses get so mixed here. The Greeks answer, that of Socrates and the great Stoics, given too by Jesus and by Paul and probably by all the spiritual chiefs of man, is "Serve God, and your *soul* shall prosper, however much your body suffer." It is the theory of the two selves,—the spirit living in a world of spirit's laws, and the body living under matter's necessities and laws. "No evil can befall a righteous man, whether he be alive or dead," said Socrates, counting the body nothing. And the Greeks began to see the *why* of those lower necessities and laws. The modern answer sees partial truth in each of the three earlier answers, but its own emphasis is this: Mankind is bound together; men are liberal members of each other: social life is inevitable to, because creator of, the individual life; and inevitable to the social life, its central law and essence, is *vicariousness*, by which prosperity and suffering, dooms and salvations, both are shared in endless inter-radiations. The explanation is not new. In many times and places hints of it emerge. It came, and in more than one form, even to the Hebrew mind, contradicting its short line theory of Providence. It gleamed in old Isaiah's famous chapter (liii), on which the Christian doctrine of Vicarious Atonement so firmly based itself. That doctrine has been the concrete object-lesson to teach mankind the universal law. To modern thoughts the gleam has grown a dawn, the glimpse a mighty vision. This answer to some extent *explains* the mystery why the righteous suffer and the wicked prosper. And therefore, where the explanation seems to fail, *trust* in the eternal goodness is easier than it was of old, and the ash-heaps of the world's misery—they are all around us still—are brighter than they were when Job, the leper, sat on one of them.

W. C. G.

* *The Epic of the Inner Life.—Being the Book of Job.* By John F. Genung. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Men and Things.

It is said that two-thirds of the applicants for admission to West Point and Annapolis are rejected because of the cigarette habit and its results.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's personal memoirs of her husband, under the title of "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him," will begin in the October issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

M. Renan writes from Brittany that he is at work on the fourth volume of his "Histoire du Peuple d'Israel," which is making rapid progress. It will be finished before next December.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science has lately issued its first handbook, which contains the constitution, names of officers, report of the executive committee for the first year, and a complete list of its entire membership to date of publication. There are in all 1,978 members, gathered from every state in the union, and from foreign countries.

An alarm has been raised in London over the condition of the famous Raphael cartoons at South Kensington, said to be suffering from the effects of the sooty atmosphere. These works do not belong to the nation, but to the crown, and a committee has been formed, with Sir Frederick Leighton at the head, to decide upon the advisability of sending them back to Hampton Court. Chemical experts will test and report on the character of the pigments which Raphael used, and no definite decision will be reached until their verdict has been given.

The New York *Tribune* relates how Prof. Shaler of Harvard took a party of students down to Marblehead on a geological survey awhile ago. His own bold stride and the "sporty" appearance of the students attracted the attention of a street urchin, who yelled out: "Get on to de prize-fighters!" The alarm spread like wild-fire; and, reaching the ears of the police, a hot pursuit was instituted. The prize-fighters were located after a hard chase. Explanations followed, and a sensation for Marblehead was spoiled.

The *Universalist* tells a story of Lady Macdonald, wife of the late premier of Canada, who was an abstainer. Another lady of high position met her at dinner one day, and was surprised to see that she took no wine, and at length asked: "Did you not set out wine when you entertained the Marquis of Lorne?" "Never!" was the prompt reply. "But did you not feel that you must apologize?" "Certainly not; wine is not a natural beverage, and so should rather come in than go out with apology." This answer and that example led the other lady to become an abstainer also.

Concerning Mr. Lowell's absent-mindedness the Boston *Advertiser* says that when he was editor of *The Atlantic* he not infrequently would put MSS. into his pocket with the intention of reading them at his leisure, carry them home—and forget all about them. Authors were constantly inquiring about articles which they had requested to be returned if unaccepted, and of which they could get no tidings after repeatedly addressing the editor on the subject. Often the articles would be discovered in an overcoat that had been worn the previous winter, and quite as often they would not be discovered in an overcoat that had been worn the previous winter, and quite as often they would not be discovered at all.

The *Chicago Standard* tells the following: In a recent London book sale was a copy of Tennyson's "Maud" containing "The Charge of the Light Brigade," with the following autograph letter of 1875 from the poet inserted: "I can not attend your banquet, but I inclose £5 to defray some of its expenses, or to be distributed, as you may think it fit, among the most indigent of the survivors of that glorious charge (at Balaklava); a blunder it may have been, but one for which England should be grateful, having learned thereby that her soldiers are the bravest and most obedient under the sun."

Christopher Columbus was twice married. His first wife was Felipa Munnis Perestrelle, daughter of an able captain of Prince Henry Portugal, called the "Navigator." He married her in 1471. His father-in-law's charts, globes, etc., helped to mature his plans of discovery. Diego, who accompanied his father on the occasion when they were reduced to such straits that Columbus begged at the monastery of La Rabida for bread and water for the child, was the only issue of this marriage. This wife died in 1483 or thereabout. He next married Beatriz Enriquez, at Cordova in 1487. She was the mother of his second son, Fernande Columbus, who in time became his father's biographer.

Contributed and Selected.

An Impromptu.

A stupid little bat
  Goes blundering by,
He knows not how to live
  Nor dares to die;
Fit comrades we, in truth,
  The bat and I.

At that poor broken wing
  Needs must I sigh.
You thought that wings perhaps
  Were meant to fly!
We make such sad mistakes,
  The bat and I.

O, blind-eyed little thing,
  I dare not try
To help you in your plight:
  We soared too high,
And now must bear our fate,
  The bat and I.

No flight for such as we
  Beneath free sky;
But broken wings and hearts
  May by-and-by,
In some undreaming place
  Forgotten lie.

EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN.

The Oxford Movement.*

We may be sure that, whatever further contributions to the history of the Oxford movement may yet appear, and however admirably all the contributions may yet be summed up into a perfect whole, nothing of part or whole, of contribution or of final summing up, will be in a finer spirit than Dean Church's book, or will give to the Oxford movement a more lofty and ideal interpretation. He was one of the younger men affected by the movement on the ground at Oxford, and, though among these were Clough, the Mozleys, Pattison and Anthony Froude, and other spirits of renown, no one of them was of a finer quality than he. The testimony of Mark Pattison, in whose composition there was much more of gall than honey, and who could draw freely on the bitter part in commenting on his enemies and friends, is that there was nothing in Dean Church that was not lovable. Nevertheless he had—as who has not? the defects of his qualities. So genial, so kindly, they, in a measure, disqualified him for judging fairly where his sympathies were warm and deep, and then, too, these chapters were the products of his retrospective meditation in 1884 and 1885, only five years before his death, when more than fifty years had separated him from the events which he describes; every one of the fifty weaving about them a veil of poetry, a glamour of romance, that prevented him from seeing them and describing exactly as they were. It would be folly then for any one to take this book alone as a history of the Oxford movement. Dr. Martineau has been recently quoted by Dr. Allen (*Unitarian Review*, August, 1891) as saying, "The book very sensibly relieves the somewhat oppressive one-sidedness of Dr. Edwin Abbott's and F. W. Newman's volumes upon the late Cardinal." But while to take either of those volumes alone as the measure of Cardinal Newman would be a great mistake, it would be a greater one to take Dean Church's without comparing it with them and much beside on the matter, notably the Cardinal's own correspondence and the sidelights thrown by the Lives of Bishop Wilberforce and Archbishop Tait. F. W. Newman's railing accusation against his brother, that he was long and consciously a Roman Catholic believer and working to make others so while *pretending* to be an Anglican, can not I think be justified by any careful examination of Cardinal Newman's writings in the order of their appearance, and in connection with the order of events, and together with his correspondence up to 1845. But the brother has, nevertheless, furnished us with many ugly facts that must be reckoned with and which have a damaging effect on the highly idealized conceptions of the Cardinal which have been paving the way for his canonization ever since his death, only continuing and exaggerating a process which had begun before he died, and which he must have regarded with a satisfaction very similar to that of St. Simeon Stylites in the crowd who came to pay him homage at his pillar's foot.

As for Dr. E. A. Abbott's "Philomythus" it impresses me as altogether the most valuable contribution we have yet had to a right understanding of Cardinal Newman's logic of belief and the abominably sophistical operation of his ecclesiastical mind. When I read in UNITY, a short time since, Mr. Salter's generous tribute to the ethical import of Newman, I could not help feeling that it should be qualified by Dr. Abbott's arraignment of his logic of belief, wherein his ethics of the intellect is shown to be as defective and depraved as his ethics of the appetites and passions is searching and profound. So many of all sects and denominations have, from first to last, been bedeviled by Newman's "Grammar of [unconsciously dishonest and conveniently credulous] Assent," that no better service could be done us than is done by Dr. Abbott in the punishing force which he rains down on the object of his critical condemnation. And yet the essence of it all can be found in a few sentences of Dr. Martineau's essay upon Coleridge, Newman, and Carlyle.

But to return to Dean Church's "Oxford Movement." We have had at least three other histories of that movement which are more entertaining than the present. They are T. Mozley's "Reminiscences" and the "Life of William George Ward," by his son Wilfrid, and last but not least the Cardinal's "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ." But if Dean Church's book is not so entertaining as these it is more serene and just and catholic than any one of them. He tells the story of the movement with the liveliest sympathy and his sympathies keep company with Newman so far upon his way to Rome that the wonder is that he did not go with him. To this it may be said that, without going to Rome, before he died he got about everything the Tractarians wanted in the English Church. This is often said but it is absurd. The doctrines and observances of which the Tractarians were enamored have indeed found a nest for themselves in the English Church—but *not as the sole and characteristic doctrines of the English Church to the exclusion of all others.* That Liberalism which Newman hated and despised finds equal if not larger tolerance, and the Erastian principle of ecclesiastical subjection to the state, which to Newman and his set was absolutely intolerable, was never more completely master of the field.

We have first an admirable chapter on the Church as it was before the Oxford Movement which originated in the need of some new life to counteract the destructive energies that issued in the Reform Bill. Chapters follow on Keble and Froude, both couched in terms of lofty admiration. In the case of Keble this is no surprise, though that advice of his to Arnold—to preach the Trinity, as if he believed it in order that he might—always plagues the memory; but Dean Church's temper is so different from Hurrell Froude's that a more judicial tone was to be expected from him. Something in Froude's personality must have made large amends for the silly, arrogant, and conceited tone of his journals and his letters. In him as in William George Ward there was a jarring note of unreality which continually recurred. Some of the less known helpers of the Movement are characterized with generous appreciation, and next we have chapters on the Tracts and the Tractarians, and others upon the progressive phases of the Movement leading up to "Tract 90," and the clamor which it raised and the defeats which followed. There are two chapters on William George Ward and his "Ideal of a Christian Church," and they admit one to a better understanding of the man and his work than one can get from the interesting life of him his son had written. Ward and Oakeley were the gallant Hotspurs who pushed Newman on to the "Tract 90" business and hastened his submission to the Church of Rome. It is an interesting fact which comes out in the recent life of Archbishop Tait, that the young liberal, Arthur Stanley, wrote the eloquent conclusion of Ward's speech when his degrees were canceled at Oxford and he was formally degraded.

This was on February 13, 1845, eight months before Newman made his submission, and this day, Dean Church observes, "was not only the final defeat and conclusion of the first stage of the movement; it was the birthday of the modern liberalism of Oxford." Nowhere does Dean Church's intellectual breadth and sympathy shine out more sweetly than in his characterization of this new liberalism in comparison with that which had preceded it. In the same spirit are his mentions of Dr. Arnold. Indeed his book throughout is a devout and noble exercise of theological amenity. Those who have only contempt for High Church Anglicans could not do better than to read it carefully. I have seldom read a book that has more deeply impressed me with the transcendency of culture and character to any special creed.

In conclusion, we have a chapter summing up the main results that followed the catastrophe of 1845. Dean Church makes very clear the reasons which permitted him, while sympathizing with Newman so largely in thought and feeling, to remain an Anglican. These reasons were entirely positive, an appeal to history and facts from the most brilliant logic and the most persuasive rhetoric of the time, to show that "the English church was after all, as well worth living in and fighting for as any other." Such a life-work in her and for her as that of the late Dean of St. Paul's has made her worthier in no small degree of the highest hopes which can be cherished for her by her faithful sons.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

*The Oxford Movement. Twelve Years—1 33-1845. By R. W. Church, M. A., D. C. L., sometime Dean of St. Paul's and Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Macmillan & Co., London and New York: 1891.

Unitarian Independency.

Every Unitarian speaks for himself and for himself alone. I am the the mouthpiece of no organization. I can not be "brought to book" by any authority on earth for any word I utter, however wild and foolish it may be. I am no more amenable to a "Unitarian Association" than I am to a presbytery or a general assembly, a lord bishop or a court of arches, a general council of Christendom or a pope. . . .

Strictly speaking, what is popularly known as a "Unitarian Church" is a church in which "Unitarians" can and do meet for worship, but in which no legal obligations exist to check or forbid the free pursuit of truth. Our history illustrates our principle. . . . If *our* children can find a better religion, the temples in which their fathers worship to-day, shall still be theirs. . . .

I am not unfrequently asked how we manage to prevent those with whom we may have no sympathy from coming and taking possession of our churches. Simply—by not attempting to "manage" the matter at all; by excluding no one we fling ourselves upon the hearts and consciences of men—in confidence that the more thoroughly human hearts and consciences are trusted, the more completely will trust be justified.

As with our Trust Deeds and our church membership, so is it with our ministry. The college in which a large proportion of our students are educated has for its motto these words: "The College adheres to its original principle of freely imparting theological knowledge, without insisting on the adoption of particular theological doctrines." . . .

Neither have we established a central organization with authority to interfere with the independent action of any church. The "British and Foreign Unitarian Association" as simply an association of individuals interested in its purposes, and it has neither power, nor do its managers show any inclination to control the affairs of our congregations. . . .

No creed within the scope of the wit of man to devise can permanently secure uniformity of belief. Human words are susceptible of a hundred meanings—even when employed by the severest lawyers in Acts of Parliament—still more completely do they fail to convey one distinct thought and one distinct thought only, when used for defining the infinite truth of God. A coach-and-four may be driven through an Act of Parliament—but a little child can ask a question which will bring to confusion the meaning of the strictest creed. . . .

To the Unitarian nobleness of character outweighs in worth all other considerations whatever. A man may be a heathen, or a Jew, or Christian; a Confucian, a Buddhist, a Mahommetan, or what not; he may be a Catholic or a protestant of any sect; he may be a sceptic and a doubter; nay, he may more than question, he may declare that he sees no reason for believing in any religion at all,—and yet, if he be an honest man and strive to do his duty towards his fellow creatures, he is, in the faith I cherish in my heart of hearts, an accepted saint of God.

(*Rev.*) *Henry W. Crosskey.*
Birmingham, England.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Six Years' Course.

I. The Religion of Egypt.

By Rev. John C. Learned.

Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance.—*Isaiah xix: 25.*

King Solomon is made to say that "there is no new thing under the sun." "That which hath been is that which shall be; and that which hath been done is that which shall be done." These sayings may naturally enough come to mind as one reads the records of Egyptian history, and particularly in thinking of the ancient Egyptian religion.

But King Solomon is supposed to have uttered these reflections out of a state of satiety and weariness which made him sick of the world and sick of himself. The language may be used in a better sense. "Nothing new under the sun,"—it is one way of asserting the doctrine of immortality. Nothing dies. What we see about us, though it seem to be the product of our own time, of this very hour, is really old as creation; is but the efflorescence of causes that lie hidden in the eternal past; is but a repetition in this portion of time and space of forms elsewhere conceived, and perhaps realized in some remote antiquity. All we can do is to re-discover and re-embody, under the changed conditions of our time, the primal laws and ever living forces of God and the world. All we can do, is to make new applications of the old eternal truths, of the four cardinal virtues, of the plain and simple duties, which made the first stages of civilization possible among men.

Egypt is so old that it seems in vain to look to any other nation for the origin of its language, its customs, its monuments or its religion. Little progress has been made in the efforts to trace its civilization to any other land. Rather does it seem more probable that other lands have borrowed from the empire of the Nile. Wherever the human race had its origin—and the later researches point to Europe rather than to Asia—here certainly man first made his mark and left records of his life; here he first told what he thought, and did something to testify to future ages of the greatness of his powers. Hence Egypt has been rightly called "the cradle of civilizations;" and the extent of its achievements has given it the name of "the world's university."

We think of the Hebrew nation as very old; and of the Bible as a very ancient book. But these seem young when we look at the Egyptian records and monuments. Long before the Flood, long before man was made, according to the Hebrew chronology, Egypt was a powerful civilization. Menes, the first of the historic kings, who has been called the George Washington of the Nile, lived at least as long ago as 4,000 B. C.; perhaps longer ago than 5,000 B. C. Renouf says that 3,000 B. C., a mighty monarchy existed in Egypt. It had a civilization of wealth and splendor, not inferior to that of Europe in the last century.

We have nothing from Chaldean annals—from the banks of the Euphrates—so old. Egypt was in a state of decay when our knowledge of Mesopotamia begins. The Vedas were not yet written for a thousand years when the Egyptians were covering the walls of their temples with inscriptions, or laying away books of papyrus in their pyramids and tombs. As yet no Greek knew his letters, the ballads of Homer were all unsung. And long before the decalogue of Moses was written, rules of life and conduct were promulgated among the Egyptians, which seem to cover all the Christian virtues.

When Herodotus went to Egypt he described the people as the most religious of all races of men, in fact, pious to excess. Piety, in its numerous forms seemed a great part of life. The modern scholar, Rougé, says that "the first characteristic of the religion is the unity of God, most energetically expressed." God is described as the one only being, living in truth; who made all things, from whom millions of creatures proceed. Says the famous Papyrus at Turin: "I, Almighty God, am the maker of heaven and of earth, and of all beings. When I open my eyes there is light; when I close them there is darkness. I am yesterday, I am today, I am to-morrow." And the response is: "Oh let us give glory to the Eternal, to the God who has raised up the sky, who hath made gods and men, and all their generations who hath made all lands and countries, and the great sea, in the name of 'Let the earth be.'"

The Egyptian was filled with the passion of worship. Every day, almost every hour of every day, had this special religious ceremony. "Thus sacrifice was offered continually, and the voice of prayer, however imperfect or misdirected, was never silent." (Rev. James Dodds.)

Yet, perhaps, no belief so filled their minds as the doctrine of immortality. King or working man, rich or poor, almost as soon as he found himself in this world, began to make preparations for going out of it—began to build his sepulchre, or at least to lay aside some portion of his means to secure rights of burial and prayers when his earthly life was over. The great pyramids of Gizeh, rising high out of the sea of yellow sand along the Nile, are but tombs. Life here was looked upon as a transient resting place, a moment of preparation. The dead were spoken of as the really living, having entered into "everlasting life." In fact the great business of earthly existence was, aside from pious rites, getting ready to be decently or magnificently buried. The soul was not done with the body when the breath ceased; so it had to be carefully embalmed for the soul's future use. It would at least revisit it from time to time; would, perhaps, again inhabit it in some far-off future. But no soul perished; and when the man died, he must stand before the judgment seat of God, to give account of his life, of the deeds done in the body. A great book is then opened in the presence of the jury of forty-two, and according to the answers given will the dead man's name go upon the page of the justified or condemned. Osiris, by far the most interesting of the Egyptian deities, passes final sentence. If the man's good deeds outweigh the requisite measure of justice and truth placed in the opposite scale of the balance, he is immediately borne by pure spirits to the pools of peace, to the starry heavens, to the dwelling-place of God. But if the soul is found unworthy to enter the abodes of the blessed, then for three thousand years it must suffer, enduring discipline in the shape of unclean animals which are avoided and despised by men. Afterwards it may have a new trial on the earth, either resuming once more the old body which has been reserved for it, or as a child again, entering into a new human body.

Right here, in connection with this judgment of the dead, which is so fully set forth in the marvellous "Funeral Ritual" or "Book of the Dead," we come upon the moral precepts of the Egyptian law. Says M. Chabas, "None of the Christian virtues is forgotten in the Egyptian code; piety, charity, gentleness, self-command in word and action, chastity, the protection of the weak, benevolence towards the humble, deference to superiors, respect for property in its minutest details . . all is expressed there, and in extremely good language."

This is the way in which a dead man seeks to justify himself on the judgment day, and by which if no one bears witness against him he may hope to win the favorable sentence of Osiris. "Not a little child did I injure, not a widow did I oppress, not a herdsman did I ill-treat. There was no beggar in my days. No one starved in my time. And when the years of famine came, I ploughed all the lands of the province, feeding its inhabitants and providing food. There was no starving person in it, and I made the widow as though she possessed a husband." Another said: "I have taken pleasure in speaking the truth. Though great, I have acted as if I had been a little one." Another: "I was bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, a refuge to him that was in want; that which I did to him, the great God hath done to me." Again: "I have not been idle. I have not murdered. I have defrauded none, nor borne false witness. I have not robbed the dead, nor committed adultery. I have not kept milk from sucklings, nor caught the sacred birds. Brugsch cites this inscription from a tomb in upper Egypt: "He loved his father, he honored his mother, he loved his brethren, and never went from his home in bad temper. He never preferred the great man to the low one." A Pharaoh's tomb in Thebes had this written on it: "I lived in truth and fed my soul with justice. What I did to men was done in peace, and how I loved God, God and my heart well knew. I have been a help to the needy. I honored the gods with sacrifices and the dead with offerings."

It should not be overlooked that the position of woman in Egypt was higher than in any other ancient nation. Husband and wife are repeatedly represented as occupying positions of equality. Women sat upon the throne, officiated in the temples, offered sacrifices to the gods. The author of the St. Giles lecture on the religion of Egypt, wrote: "Nowhere except in Christian lands has woman ever possessed so much freedom or exercised so strong an influence in domestic and national life as in ancient Egypt."

Scholars are constantly making additions to our knowledge of Egyptian civilization. Hardly any limits can be set to it since the discovery of the key to the Rosetta Stone by Champallion. Every year adds new papyri and new inscriptions to the collections. Some of Mr. Flinders Petrie's recent "finds" pertaining to Hellenistic Egypt, are most remarkable.

While this religion ran to seed in a most complicated system of divinities, animal worship and ritual observances, yet it is probable that it contains "more scintillations of truth," more doctrines and precepts which still command the religious reverence of men than all other ancient faiths. Undoubtedly many of the errors of modern theology have been inherited from the people of the Nile valley. Indeed, it would be hard to name any usage, rite or belief, true or false, which we find fixed in the systems of the Christian faith, that may not be traced to or find its parallel in the customs of those who carved the sphinxes or knelt in the aisles of Karnak and Denderah. The very robes of the Roman Catholic priests are patterned after the robes of the priests of Egypt, who ministered in temples already gray with centuries before the Hebrew Moses could have floated in his basket of bulrushes on the flood of the Nile. In Isis and Horus we see the Madonna and the child worshipped in Egypt thousands of years before Mary of Nazareth was mother of Jesus. "I am," or "I am that I am," was a common utterance of an Egyptian god to express his eternal and incomprehensible nature. No moral precept of the Ten Commandments or the Jewish law, but can be found written in the more ancient "Book of the Dead" or on the chambers of burial. The marriage ring is from Egypt; and candles burned in the offices of worship. Purgatory and prayers and offerings for the dead were a part of their religion, and the resurrection of the body. If monotheism was clearly a form of that faith and sung in hymns five thousand years ago, so was monolatry, and tritheism and polytheism. Triads and a trinity were variously composed. Salvation was secured by all the schemes now in use; by ritual, by magical words, by symbols, by mediation and sacrifice, by asceticism, and by personal righteousness. God was a spirit; he lived "in all that which is good and pure;" yet he was manifested in nature, in the million varieties of life, and in the changes of earth and sky. There was a hell and a "second death" for the wicked; and an impersonation of evil called Set or Typhon, who lurked for the souls of men. Sometimes he went about in the shape of a black boar, but the crocodile was his son. Then the Egyptians had cherubim, a scapegoat, a sacred ark, and an angel of death.

And yet because so many of these beliefs and customs still exist which men held and practiced so long ago, is no reason for wailing over our lot. It shows that the fruits of human thought and effort are not so transient as some suppose. Nothing is lost or can perish that has any good in it. And if something that we call false and evil continue longer than we wish they did, possibly they only wait for our greater fidelity to truth and right, to disappear. We firmly believe that the false doctrines of religion are even in our generation losing hold upon the people; and we also believe that the pure moral precepts which we find written on papyrus, or buried with mummies so long ago, have now a far wider and better application than was possible among the ancient Egyptians. We have not their architecture or monuments,—never surpassed except by Greece; but we are certainly free from many of their superstitions. Had the Egyptians preserved intact their sublime conception of one good God, spiritual and ever-present, instead of of losing him at length in numberless grotesque symbols and images, splitting up this supreme divinity into into many lesser divinities and into animal forms; had they worshiped less and practiced more; had they spent less time in dreaming about death, in speculating about the conditions of the life to come, and devoted themselves more wisely to the work of the life which now is, their civilization might have lasted till our day, and there would have been something left besides crumbling monuments of stone in a wilderness of sand.

Some of us no longer wear, to say nothing of putting our trust in, amulets and charms. Most of us are above paying pious honors to a beetle or stork, or worshiping an onion or a cat. The best moral principles can gain no complete acceptance or rational hold in any life where the superstitions of faith may swoop down at any moment to confuse the mind and make conduct capricious and uncertain. Indeed, the rational life requires first of all, that the elements of whim and fantastic dread which are the very ground of false religion, shall be eliminated. Then the law of ethics may have full recognition—the

law that no wicked act can be justified, and no duty can be put by; that no good thing is failure and no evil thing success,—whether in this world or in the world to come. Then, right, seen clearly enough in a particular instance, expounds to a general principle, and the whole course of action may be subjected to its sway.

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relations. An Address to an Unknown Lady Reader. By Karl Heinzen. Boston, Mass.: Benj. R. Tucker, Publisher, 1891.

This treatise originally appeared in German in 1852, and again in an expanded form in 1875, and now comes to us in an English translation from the pen of Mrs. Emma Heller Schumm. There is in it much to admire. Our author went none too far in his plea for the emancipation of woman, and he is entitled to praise for his plainness in dealing with subjects which a perverted sense of modesty would pass over in silence. Prudery is impiety, the fig-leaf has been the foe of virtue. Instead of covering the face in shame one should rather bare the head in reverence, at the thought of that supreme act of creation by which the current of life is enabled to leap from parent to child. To share the responsibility of bringing into the world a fresh human soul is to come into most intimate partnership with the Eternal. It was no mere sensualism that led to the worship of Priapus. Probably the cross would not have secured and retained so paramount a place as a Christian symbol, had not its use been deeply rooted in the phallicism of the earlier faiths. Indeed the enormity of licentiousness consists in the fact that it would invade the very Holy of Holies, and prostitute to mere self-seeking satisfaction the sanctuary of the Most High. Our author did well to speak freely on this sacred theme. But we are reluctantly compelled to add that he gave us in the main an unwholesome book. We doubt human society being as bad as he pictured it. At any rate it would be interesting to know how in the absence of statistics accessible to the rest of us, he found out that almost every man is a mere embodiment of lecherous caprice. The conception of history, too, is utterly inconsistent with the role of a reformer. Heinzen never tired of condemning religion as the creation of a self-seeking priestcraft, and the rest of our social institutions did not fare much better at his hands. But if human nature has been so radically depraved in the past, how can one at any rate who does not believe in the possibility of supernatural intervention expect anything better from the same sort of human nature in the future? One of the most valuable fruits of the doctrine of evolution is its hint of a soul of good in things evil. But our most serious objection lies against the system of Free-love which Heinzen would substitute for marriage as it exists to-day. We heartily agree that much formal marriage is thoroughly adulterous. The essential thing in holy wedlock is not the consent of the state or the approval of the priest. It is the pure purpose and mutual devotion of husband and wife. And we have no more sympathy than had our author with external coercion. What God hath put asunder let no man join together. But we shall not mend matters by introducing a system of surrender to vagrant impulses uncontrolled by a deep sense of duty. Spontaneous affection is of service in cementing a true marriage. But more important still is a solemn acceptance of the obligation to deliberately crucify, if need be, the caprice of the hour, and so far as possible live together in mutual self-denying regard. That sort of nature worship which consists in the deification of impulse would be a sorry substitute even for our present servility to the conventional, with all its unloveliness. H. D. M.

Politics and Property: or Phronocracy. A Compromise between Democracy and Plutocracy. By Slack Worthington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, $1.50.

The *naive* assumption of the name Phronocracy (government by intellect) for his own theory of politics affords some preparation for the singular assortment of whimsical theories which this author sets forth. Like his predecessors who have advocated compromise on questions of right and wrong, he pleases neither party while offending both. Plutocracy in the person of the Chicago *Tribune* has bitterly attacked Mr. Worthington's scheme of a cumulative tax on large holdings of property, which to our mind is about the most rational idea in the book. On the other hand his proposition to limit suffrage to men owning property to the amount of $500 seems to us to be a backward step that would inevitably lead to further reactionary measures, besides tending to create an oppressed and discontented class, always ripe for armed revolution. It is hardly surprising that the author also advocates the revival of the whipping-post. Altogether, "Phronocracy" is not likely to evoke an enthusiastic band of followers. C. H. K.

Miss Worden's Hero. By H. B. Salisbury. New York: G. W. Dillingham. Paper, 25 cents.

A novel of daring conception and of no small literary power. It starts with a realistic picture of to-day's social status and city life in America. Then comes the story of a vain attempt at revolution and the banishment of the hero to a penal colony on the Russian plan in Alaska. Thirty years pass and the social revolution is accomplished. We are introduced to a regenerated state much like that of "Looking Backward" with the military element mitigated. The book is inspiring, and we should be ashamed to say over-lightly that it is too good to be true.

Periodicals.

THE second number of *University Extension* opens with an article on "The Prospects of University Extension in England," by Michael E. Sadler, of Oxford. "Secondary education," says this writer, "which with us is all at sixes and sevens, will have to be reorganized before the public takes seriously in hand the no less important task of permanently establishing higher education for adults. In the meantime we are in the ridiculous position of spending millions of money on a too clerkly kind of elementary education, without taking any trouble to see that the children keep up even the interest in book learning after they leave school." E. L. Head of Philadelphia writes on "American Women and University Extension," showing how women have in England and this country been first and most eager to profit by this new means of popular instruction. The two following articles, "Extension Teaching at Brown University" and "Teachers and University Extension," are unsigned. The publishers of this new and useful magazine would, we feel sure, confer a favor on their readers if, after the usual custom, they would publish names of writers with titles of essays, in the table of contents. The magazine promises to grow in merit and interest.

THE *Unitarian Review* for the current month opens with a review written by William Everett of Rev. William Reed Huntingdon's collection of "Bohlen Lectures" for 1891, published by Scribner's Sons. The "Bohlen Lectures" are, we are told, an avowed copy on the general plan of the "Bampton Lectures" at Oxford, and might be defined as "Lectures in Defense of the Christian Religion as Understood by the Protestant Episcopal church of the United States." George R. Matthews contributes some "Notes on Buddhism at Home." Nicholas P. Gilman writes on "The Higher Individualism" in opposition to some of the socialistic theories of the day. The editor contributes a "Reminiscence" of anti-slavery times and writes of "The Coming Conference" and of the dead poet, Lowell. Concerning the discussion on the establishment of a new liberal journal, which is to occupy a prominent place on the programme at Saratoga, he speaks with approval of the general plan, but thinks such a publication should be hampered by no ostensible denominational support and that the only body competent to take charge of it is the theological faculty at Harvard.

THE *Queries Magazine* for September is filled with the customary number of short, bright, readable articles, with the departments of Notes and News and the Question Department filled with usual items of interest. In an article on the "Evolution of the Lord's Prayer in English" we find the following version as spoken by our distant ancestor in Wycliffe's time, 1380: *Oure fadir that art in hevenes, halewid be thi name. Thi kyngdoom come to. Be thi wille don in erthe as in hevene, Gyve to us this dai oure breed over othir substaunce. And forgyve to us oure dettis as we forgyven to oure dettouris. And lede us not in to temptacioun. But delyvere us fro yvel. Amen.*

LITTLE by little, the picture of American life in its less familiar aspects is being drawn by our novelists. Mr. Charles Humphrey Roberts is the latest of the artists to whose united efforts the complete work will at some future time be due, and his scenes are found in the river counties of Pennsylvania and Ohio before the war, as the title, "Down the O-hi-o," sufficiently indicates. The Quaker settlements along the river, and, incidently, the operations of the Underground Railway, constitute his theme, and about it he has woven a simple but interesting narrative, abounding in strong situations and admirable bits of descriptive local color.—*The Dial.*

ON the top floor of one of the tallest buildings in upper New York toils an old man, who has probably written more poetry than any other man now living. His business is that of writing the "poetic" mottoes which one finds in the cheap candies of the day. He has been twenty years in the business, is over sixty years of age, and has accumulated a fortune. He has built fourteen city and country houses.

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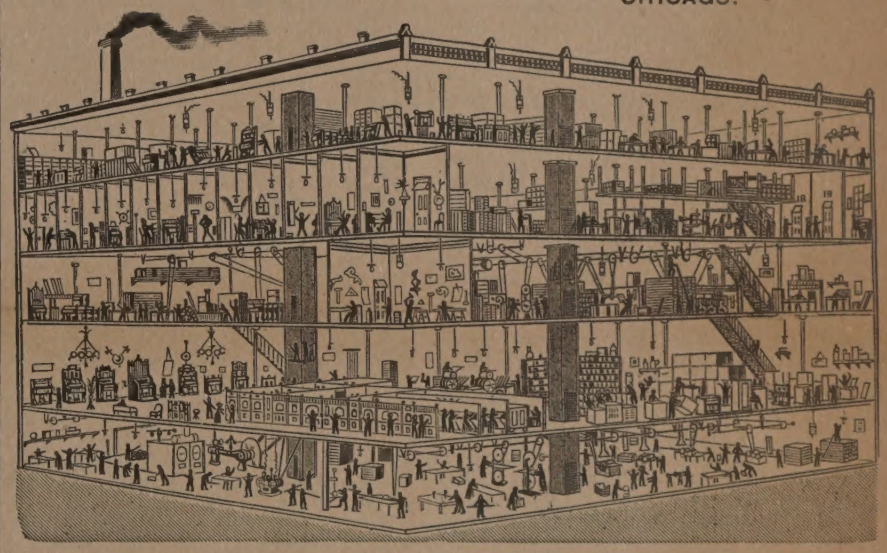

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Notes from the Field.

Oakland, Cal.—The First Unitarian Church of Oakland dedicated its new church edifice, on the corner of Fourteenth and Castro streets, Sunday, September 6. Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston, Mass., preached the sermon, and Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. G. R. Dodson and other clergymen participated in the exercises. Rev. S. Goodenough and other clerymen assisted in the devotional exercises. Brief addresses were made by the following laymen: Ex-Gov. George C. Perkins, Hon. Horace Davis, John P. Irish, C. A. Murdock, Daniel Titus and Chas. J. Woodbury.—*Guidon*.

—We clip the following also from the *Guidon* San Francisco: The bronze statue soon to be erected in Golden Gate Park, to the memory of Thomas Starr King, will be a source of pride to those to whom he ministered. The influence of such a life does not soon spend itself, and a lapse of twenty-seven years has not dimmed the lustre of his fair name. It is testimony to his universality and breadth that this tribute of respect and reverence is paid not alone by those of his fellowship of religious faith, but by his fellow-citizens of every shade of religious belief. It is Starr King the Patriot, the *man*, whom all unite in honoring. His old parishioners simply join in the common movement; they have not even led it, but their pride and joy is the greater that they did not need to lead it. They have done their part, and they have held themselves in readiness to see that the final expense was provided for. In this connection the Sunday-school has subscribed $50 toward the pedestal, and whatever sum may be needed to complete the work and defray the expenses of the dedicatory services has been pledged by Dr. Stebbins, and will be met by his congregation.

—The *Guidon* also publishes a letter from a member of the Unitarian society at Portland, Ore., William G. Eliot, pastor, reporting progress in the various departments.

Middleboro, Mass.—The Unitarian society of this place, organized in 1889, recently dedicated their new and beautiful church home. This result has been brought about by the energetic labors of the members of the society, assisted by friendly aid from older and wealthier organizations outside, and personal subscriptions from friends. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, from the text in Ephesians v: 27, "The glorious church." "The ideal church is a glorious church because it is full of good works. It teaches the ignorant, rights wrongs, cares for the young, is given to hospitality. The fair stories of brotherly kindness and human helpfulness are incorporated into the edifice." Rev. H. N. Brown, of Brookline, gave a brief address on "Public Worship," Rev. Henry C. McDougall, an early pastor of the society, took part in the exercises. Rev. Paul R. Frothingham delivered an evening address. "The mission of the liberal church," he said, "was first to furnish a home for those who felt themselves turned out of other churches, owing to their rejection of old dogmas; and secondly to make the world we live in better by righting the political, moral and religious abuses which civilization carries in its train in cities and towns. This church, dedicated to-day means a little higher grade in the civilization of the town." Dr. E. L. Rexford, of Roxbury, represented the Universalists. "The liberal church emphasizes the sacred realities of love to God and love to man; it tries to save men for this world as well as the next." Mr. Williams, of Chicopee, spoke on "The Unitarian Church, the Church of the Present." Rev. Joseph Osgood, of Cohasset made the closing remarks.

Marblehead, Mass.—We learn from one of the local press that Rev. John B. Barnhill, pastor of the Unitarian Church, has been delivering a series of discourses on "Some Prophets of Our Modern World." "The purpose of this series was to consider from the standpoint of religion certain great leaders of modern thought whose works and words have proved an inspiration to all sorts and conditions of earnest men and women rather than a special pleading for any mere sectarian interest. The subject of one of the discourses was "Joseph Mazzini, Patriot and Prophet." The second of the series was upon "Percy Bysshe Shelley, Poet and Prophet," and was delivered the first Sunday in August. Among the topics considered in the series were Parker, Carlyle, Channing, Ruskin, Goethe, Newman, Emerson, Martineau, Priestly, George Eliot, Browning and others. "For He who was the God of the living and not the God of the dead is not without his living witnesses and prophets to-day, and this century of ours has yielded us examples as ihspiring and precepts as inspired as may be found in the most ancient of days."

Sharon, Mass.—A delightful event took place here Sept. 5, in the laying of the corner-stone of the Ella Reed Home for children. Because of the rain the meeting was in the town hall, but it was a very pleasant and inspiring occasion. Miss Cynthia Bates, of 47 Winter St., has long had it in her heart to do something for children that are left to the rude mercies of the world, she wishes to give to all she can, the real comforts and blessings of home. Here are some eight acres of land in a fine healthy position; and the home will be spacious and good in every way. The name of Miss Bates' niece is a benediction to it, for she was a kind, sweet, Christian soul. There was some very fine music by Mr. Northcott, cornetist, and the Athena ladies' quartet of Providence. The speaking was a rich treat by Rev. Philips Brooks and Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, and there was a poem read from Rev. William Brunton. Prayer was offered by Rev. G. F. Stanton, of Sharon. Noble words were said in regard to child life and the generosity of those who would aid them. Mrs. Spencer spoke in a very earnest, inspiring way. It was a time long to be remembered by those who were present.

Manistee, Mich. — Prof. A. W. Gould preached his farewell sermon the last Sunday in August, and on the following Monday evening a farewell reception was tendered him by the society over which he has administered so acceptably for several years. The best wishes of the people here and all friends outside follow him to his new field of work in Hinsdale, Ill.

Fitchburg, Mass. — The installation services of Rev. Walter F. Greeman were held in this place early in the month, Rev., E. A. Horton, of Boston, delivered the sermon, Rev. Samuel Crothers offering the installation prayer, and Rev. W. H. Pierson of Somerville giving the change to the people.

The Exchange Table.

It was Channing's constant habit to point out the goodness in unbelieving and unconverted people; to dwell upon those virtues which had no relation to creeds—a mother's love for her child; the kindness of brothers and sisters in their home life; the sense of duty and honor in soldiers, workmen, tradesmen, scientists; the compassion and sympathy that any tramp in the street or any millionaire in his carriage will feel at seeing a sick child fall by the way. These are natural, untheological virtues. Honesty in trade, truth in politics, kindness toward animals, courtesy and deference in the presence of aged people—all the common nobilities of character, by which the world has its moral progress, homes their happiness, individuals their good name—all of these are untheological—just as likely to be found in a doubter as in a believer, in a unconverted man as in the converted man. It is these common virtues, Channing declared, and not belief in a creed, not participation in any atonement, not as the pensioner of mercy or the object of any decree—it is just these common, simple, everyday virtues which a man builds up in himself that constitute his salvation here and hereafter and forever.

That was a new basis, altogether new. That was character against faith, humanity against tradition. It was exactly the reverse of all that the religious world had preached for fifteen centuries.—*Universalist Monthly.*

What appears more real than the sky? We think of it and speak of it as if it was as positive and tangible a fact as the earth. See how it is painted by the sunset or by the sunrise. How blue it is by day, how grand by stars at night. At one time tender and wooing, at another hard and distant. Yet what an illusion! There is no sky; it is only vacancy, only empty space. It is a glimpse of the infinite. When we try to grasp or measure, or define the power we call God, we find it to be another sky, sheltering, overarching, all-embracing,—palpable to the casual eye. but receding, vanishing to the closer search; unfathomable because intangible—the vast power, or ether in which the worlds float—but itself ungraspable, unattainable, forever soaring beyond our ken. Not a being, not an entity is God, but that which lies back of all being and all entities. Hence an old writer, in his despair of grasping God, said "God may not improperly be called nothing." Absolute being, is to the human mind about the same as nothing, or no being at all, just as absolute motion is equivalent to eternal rest, or as infinite space means no space at all. Motion implies something which is not motion, and space implies lines and boundaries. Infinite being or power gives the mind no place to rest. One's thought goes forth like the dove from Noah's ark and finds nowhere to perch.—*John Burroughs in the Open Court.*

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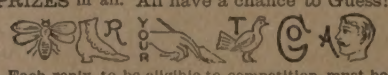

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Fri.—Our ability to face and anticipate destruction is proof we are not to be destroyed.

Sat.—The ground of fellowship is reverence.

—*C. A. Bartol.*

Never Mind.

Be thou lowly, friend and brother!
In the strife of mind with mind,
Not too proud to yield, but only
Just too proud to wrong your kind;
Never let the world adorn you
With its baubles—it is blind,
And if lofty people scorn you.
Never mind.

Never mind how much derided,
Still hate glory, station, gold;
Keep your whole heart undivided
And your spotless soul unsold:
One high-reaching thought, if tender,
Is more wealth than earth can find—
If you thus outshine her splendor,
Never mind.

Builder be thou, friend and brother!
With thy thoughts build all alone,
In the unapparent yonder,
Castles grander than of stone;
Truth and goodness—these are masons
Will build for you, if they find
Steady occupation,—patience,
Never mind.

Back-yard Manners.

The twins were in a bad humor that morning. Fred snatched a piece of buttered toast from Ted's plate, and the latter hit his head with the syrup-spoon. The butter-knife fell on the floor and made a big grease-spot, both mugs of milk were upset, and there was general confusion.

"Tut! tut!" quoth grandma, as she wiped the syrup from Fred's matted locks. "The idea of young men six years old having back-yard manners!"

"Wh-what do you mean?" asked Ted, stopping his howling, while Fred, too, paused to listen.

"Back-yard manners, don't you know what they are?" said grandma. "Well, then, you just carry out this pan of food for the hens, and if you'll stand there awhile and watch, I think you'll know what I mean."

Considerably mystified, the twins carried out the big pan, full of scrapings from the table, together with a generous sprinkling of corn.

Now grandma's hens were very tame, and as soon as they saw the pan, they ran to it as fast as they could. First came the rooster "Robinson." If you were to ask grandma why she gave him such a name, she would say, with a twinkle in her eye, "Why, because he *crew so!*"

Well, there was Snowball, the White Leghorn; Nugget, a cute little yellow hen; Donna Inez, a shining Black Spanish; Crosspatch, a big brown hen, who was always scolding and pecking; Jenny Lind, who had a happy, contented way of singing as she wandered around the yard. Then there were Rose and Priscilla Standish, the two plump Plymouth Rocks, and—but dear me! I can't begin to tell all the names! Ted and Fred put the pan on the ground, and there was a great fluttering and scrambling.

Nugget seized a long stem of macaroni; Donna Inez caught hold of the other end, and both pulled till the piece was divided. Rose Standish pecked away industriously at a big crust of graham bread. Snowball showed a fondness for stray bits of meat, while Jenny Lind made a raid on cold potatoes. Priscilla worked at a lump of bread-pudding, and seemed quite as delighted as Jack Horner, when she found a raisin in it, and when she held it up on her beak all the other hens jumped for it so that she only saved it by eating it with one big gulp.

As for Robinson, he stood quietly helping himself to the corn, swallowing kernel after kernel down his long throat like a miser putting gold-pieces in his bag.

They all crowded, jostled, pecked at and scolded each other with many a prolonged "*Ker-r-r-r!*" until both Ted and Fred were quite disgusted.

Pretty soon the hens had finished it all. Every scrap of food was pecked from the tin, every kernel of corn scratched out of the dirt, and beaks were briskly cleaned off by scraping them on the edge of the walk.

Nugget and Donna Inez strolled down to the brook for a drink; Snowball took a dust bath; Robinson jumped up on the fence, flapped his wings and gave an exultant crow; the rest of the fowls stood with necks awry, sleepily rolling their eyes—that is, all except Priscilla and Rose Standish, who were pulling and tugging and quarreling over a bit of gristle.

"Hens are greedy things!" said Ted.

"*Awfully* selfish!" added Fred, sorrowfully.

"Well, you see how it is," observed grandma, coming to the door to hang out her dish-towel. Back-yard manners *aren't* very nice, are they?"

The twins looked at each other, and grinned sheepishly as they thought of their fuss at the breakfast-table, then they answered grandma's question by a low, but very decided, "*No'm!*"—*Youth's Companion.*

A Temperance Tale.

A mouse fell into a beer vat, poor thing, and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat,

"Help me out of my difficulty."

"If I do I shall eat you," said the cat.

"Very well," replied the mouse; "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat, and said: "I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word of honor that I may do so.

"Very well, I will give you the promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out, and trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant. The mouse darted away and crept into a hole in the corner where the cat could not get him.

"But did n't you promise me I might eat you?" said puss.

"Yes, I did," said the mouse; "but did n't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?"

And how many promises made in liquor have been broken!—*Selected.*

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II.—THE RELIGION OF EGYPT.

LESSON II.

How did the Egyptians think of the powers of nature; how was the world created and governed?

1. His sense of the sublime and sacred.
2. What plants, animals, persons or places reverenced or feared, and why?
3. The gods or spirits he worshiped; in what order and how?
4. Tell the story of Osiris.

"Osiris was the essential personification of divine *goodness.*"—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

"It is at once a myth of the year, a Nile myth, and a myth of immortality."—*Tiele.*

NOTES.

Nature Worship had a large place in this religion. Sun, moon, days, months and hours which never ceased, symbolized the everlasting gods, earth and sky fixed amid all changes. The Egyptian stood in awe before the mystery of life: "life in its eternal unchangeable foundation, and its innumerable modes of manifestation."—*Tiele.*

The Sun under many names naturally signified the supreme power in ever varying phases of its influence. The sun's disk winged, which is found in Assyria, and passed from there to Persia, is a common symbol. Earth, Heaven, and the Dawn were *powers* or "STRONG ONES." The rising dog-star (Sothis) announced the coming inundation and dated the New Year.

Egyptian Mythology.—The beetle, laid on the heart of the dead man; the egg; the figure of a babe on a lotus leaf, or floating in a boat, or with its finger in its mouth; the horns of a cow or goat; the bull, heron, cat, hawk, serpent, or fish—all have special significance in the Egyptian mythology.

Kings also were deified; and for the time seem to have been endowed with supreme sovereignty.

CHIEF DIVINITIES—*Phtah* ("He who forms"), was the great god worshiped at Memphis. One of his symbols was a mummy in a chest. "Gods are said to have come out of his mouth, [the Word] men from his eyes," [the Sun]. *Ra*, with many names, was the principal god at Heliopolis; and *Ammon* at Thebes. Others of the great gods Seb, Osiris, Isis, Set, Nathor, Horus, Thoth, and Neith.

The story of Osiris is well told by Plutarch (MORALS, vol. iv., pp. 65-139) in an interesting account of the ancient religion of Egypt. "Osiris is at once the father, brother, husband and son of Isis, and also the son of their child, Horus." *Renouf.* Yet Osiris is the type of humanity. The casting in of the seed was the burying of Osiris. The hot winds, parching all, were Set or Typhon at war with Osiris. Horus was born at the winter solstice to overcome the evil god.

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Buffalo Express:—One must go far before finding more incentive to break loose from the habit most of us have of letting other people do our thinking for us, than there is in LIBERTY AND LIFE. Its author is earnest, honest and interesting.

Albany Argus:—The style is clear and forcible, and the author shows himself abreast of modern thought.

Oberlin Review:—If there is any helpful inspiration to be given by one who denies the personality of God, and adores "the working force of the Universe," of which "man is the factor," in his stead, this book gives that inspiration.

Baltimore American:—While there are very many poignant truths in this work, there are many views advanced which to the young, undeveloped mind, may prove dangerous.

Saturday Herald:—Mr. Powell writes with power. He has a clear, strong style. He is a man of war, but as he says, he does not fight religion, only theology.

Literary World:—Strong, even, bold essays on ethical and religious subjects. They are the work of a man of vigorous intellect who has studied the doctrine of evolution long and carefully, and has not found it necessary to abandon all his old reverences. The discourses are full of interest to the casual reader by reason of their fund of anecdote and biographical citation, and to the seeker for religious and moral truth they offer many helps.

Christian Register:—The title of this collection of discourses well expresses the elements they reveal. They ring with liberty and are surging with life. Though the author has a deep philosophy, he is careful in his sermons not to sink into the depths of profundity, or, on the other hand, to preach over the heads of his hearers. His terse, direct, ringing sentences strike home.

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Publisher's Notes.

To my Friends the Readers of Unity:—

I begin this column of Publisher's Notes to find a place to say a number of things that I need to tell you, and that do not come properly under any of the old departments of UNITY. I never felt quite sure of the good taste of putting my communications under the heading of "Announcements," but in this new column I shall be sure of my ground, for no one need read it who is not interested in the business side of the paper.

One clear advantage will come from a column where I can write in the first person singular. There has always been a little confusion and ambiguity in the use of "we," as between the editorial majesty and the publishing firm, and the use of the shorter pronoun will be perhaps more explicit. It will also be quite as accurate. I usually sign official documents as "Charles H. Kerr, doing business under the name and firm of Charles H. Kerr & Company." The latter style was adopted nearly six years ago when I began the publishing of UNITY, partly, I fear, with a view to impressing the outside public with the extent of the budding enterprise, and partly also to make possible a future copartnership at any time without changing a name which it was hoped might become a trade mark of more or less value. No such copartnership has yet been formed, so I feel at liberty to use the singular pronoun still, where it will add clearness.

After this rather lengthy preface, I come to my principal topic of the week, UNITY LIBRARY. Last spring I found that in order to compete at all with other publishers in reaching the smaller book stores and news stands throughout the country, it would be necessary for me to comply with the United States postal laws governing the issue of periodicals, and issue one book a month, under a common name for the series, thereby securing the privilege of mailing at a cent a pound instead of eight cents a pound. I had before me as examples the *Franklin Square Library*, the *Riverside Library*, *Appleton's Town and Country Library*, *Sergel's International Library*, and others too numerous to mention. I attached no great weight to the selection of a name, but it occurred to me that as I was the publisher of UNITY, UNITY LIBRARY would be a natural and appropriate title. I certainly had no thought of deluding any of you into purchasing books in this series, with the idea that each and every book had received the endorsement of the UNITY editorial committee.

My first book in the series was THE AURORAPHONE, by Cyrus Cole. A severe criticism of this book has come to me indirectly from a prominent eastern minister, a good friend of UNITY by the way, who thinks it an intrusion in the series. Taking his view in connection with that of many others, for example, B. F. Underwood, whose appreciative notice in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* you have often seen quoted in my advertisement, I am inclined to think that our eastern friend had only read the first half of the book, or else that he read it just before his vacation.

The second number of UNITY LIBRARY is THE GENIUS OF GALILEE, which Mr. Crowe, the editor of the *Universalist Monthly*, says is worth a year's preaching in a liberal pulpit. I do not especially recommend this book to those of you who are already familiar with the history of the first century and the results of modern criticism as applied to the life of Jesus. But to those who find it hard to explain just what thought we have of Jesus' life and work when miracle-stories are rejected, I know of scarcely any book so available. The third number is THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL, of which I only need quote the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

The fourth number is James Vila Blake's ST. SOLIFER, WITH OTHER WORTHIES AND UNWORTHIES. Gen. M. M. Trumbull, in *The Open Court*, calls this "a delightful book, and restful to the worried and wearied soul." Our friend Rev. W. E. Copeland, formerly of Omaha, writes in the Tacoma *Globe*, "We do not remember to have read any book of essays in modern times which are so suggestive and which are written in such classic English." And the *Literary World* says of these story-essays that any one who can appreciate their delicate qualities might be warranted in complimenting himself.

My next book, JOHN AUBURNTOP, NOVELIST, by Auson Uriel Hancock, will be fully as entertaining to most of you as ST. SOLIFER, but I commend it not for "classic English" but for bright ideas expressed in English where there are occasional lapses. My friend Hancock has a most provoking proclivity for using French or Latin words to express an Anglo-Saxon idea. If I were permitted to reveal the secrets of my prison-house I could a tale unfold of the number of these which he sacrificed when we went over the proof together. Still there were enough of them left to shock F. L. H.. as his review of the book in the "Study Table" column this week or next will show. For a' that and a' that, Mr. Hancock has something to say in JOHN AUBURNTOP, and he says it. Notice how he impressed the eastern editor quoted on the last page of last week's UNITY.

The latest, but not the last, number of my series is Mr. Powell's LIBERTY AND LIFE. Two or three weeks ago the Philadelphia *Sunday Item* gave a review of this book three columns long, from which I will quote some time when I have more room left. About a thousand UNITY readers have the book already: the rest of you ought to have it. Mr. Powell has given the copyright for the purpose of increasing UNITY'S circulation, so by his generosity I can make you this special offer. If you will send one dollar with a new name for a year, or ten new names for ten weeks, I will send you LIBERTY AND LIFE in cloth, or two copies of it in paper. If you look at the subject from the egoistic side you will prefer the former offer for the sake of your library; from the altruistic side you will prefer the latter that you may have an extra copy to give away. I confess to being only half way through "The Data of Ethics," and my impression from this partial reading is that Mr. Spencer would advise the former. I shall be interested to see how the offer will work.

I have other numbers of UNITY LIBRARY to announce later, perhaps one next week. It is a book that I believe will do good: if I thought the contrary, I should not publish it. Some of you may think otherwise, in that case blame me, and not the editors of UNITY, for they are innocent.

C. H. K.

Announcements.

National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, SEPT. 21 TO 24.

Programme of Meetings.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

4 p. m. Meeting of the Council.

7:45 p. m. Sermon, Rev. Richard A. Armstrong of Liverpool, Eng.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

9 a. m. Communion, Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D.

10 to 10:30 a. m. Conference called to order. Resolutions in memory of Justice Miller, late President of the Conference. Introduction of new President, Hon. George William Curtis. Organization.

10:30 to 10:55 a. m. Report of the Council, by Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., Chairman.

10:55 to 11:20 a. m. Report by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Secretary American Unitarian Association.

11:20 to 11:35 a. m. Report of the Women's Alliance, by Mrs. Emily A. Fifield.

11:35 a. m. to 12:20 p. m. Church Extension. Recommendations from the field, fifteen minute addresses by Rev. John F. Moors, D.D., Rev. T. B. Forbush, and ——

12:20 to 12:45 p. m. Discussion and recommendations from the floor, five minutes each.

12:45 p. m. Report of Business Committee and reception of foreign delegates.

1:30 p. m. Dinner.

3 p. m. Joint meeting of the Council, the Fellowship Committees, and Secretaries of local conferences.

7:30 p. m. Meeting conducted by Rev. E. A. Horton, "Our Young People," to include various modes of activity, such as guilds, clubs, etc. Speakers, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, W. H. Baldwin, Esq., Rev. M. J. Savage, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

9 a. m. Devotional Meeting, Rev. Mary A. Safford.

10 to 10:45 a. m. Church Extension continued. Recommendations from the field. Addresses, fifteen minutes each, by Rev. D. W. Morehouse, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., and Rev. George L. Chaney.

10:45 to 11:10 a. m. Report by Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D.D., on the Working of the Committees on Fellowship, with resolutions.

11:10 a. m. to 12 m. Recommendations from the floor, five minutes each.

12 M. to 12:45 p.m. Marriage and Divorce, by Hon. Carroll D. Wright of Washington.

12:45 p.m. Business Committee.

1:30 p.m. Dinner.

3 to 5 p.m. Women's Alliance, Annual Meeting.

7:30 p.m. Missionary Mass Meeting, arranged and conducted by Rev. Grindall Reynolds. Speakers to be announced.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

9 a.m. Devotional meeting, Rev. S. H. Camp.

10 to 10:20 a.m. Meadville Theological School. Report of Committee on Endowment, with recommendations.

10:20 to 11 a. m. Report of the Committee on Liturgy, Rev. Howard N. Brown, fifteen minutes. Discussions and recommendations from the floor, five minutes each.

11 a.m. Rev. A. M. Knapp, Report on Japan, with recommendations.

11:30 a.m. The Bible in Theology, Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago.

12:15 p.m. Business Committee. Election of officers, resolutions.

1:30 p.m. Dinner.

3 to 5 p.m. Business session, if needed, for practical recommendations, resolutions, and general business.

7:30 p.m. The Religious Outlook. Rev, Horatio Stebbins, D.D., and others. Twenty-five minutes each. Closing address by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D.

An Assistant Secretary will be put in charge of the bell, which will strike one minute before the close of the time allotted to each speaker; and, unless the Conference disapproves of the rule, each speaker will be rung down at the expiration of his time.

UNITARIAN CHURCH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The regular business meeting of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society will be held at Saratoga on September 24 at 5 o'clock in one of the parlors of the United States Hotel. Important amendments to the society's constitution will be considered, reports for two years given, officers elected, and general plans discussed. All who are interested in the work of the society or in temperance are invited to attend.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER LIBERAL CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

The first annual meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian and other Liberal Christian Women will be held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., September 23, at 3 p.m. The members are requested to send delegates according to the constitution. The proposed by-laws will be voted upon and vice-presidents and directors will be elected for the ensuing two years, the list of candidates nominated for these offices being announced in time for the meeting. A Nominating Committee and a Committee on Credentials will also be appointed. It is earnestly hoped that a full representation will be present, thereby giving the work of the organization an added impetus and disseminating fuller knowledge of its purposes.

Mrs. Barrows, Miss Hamlin, and others will address the meeting, a full programme of which will be published next week.

Delegates are requested to present their credentials and to occupy the front seats in the centre of the hall.

Headquarters will be opened in one of the "cottages" connected with the hotel, and delegates and members of Alliance branches are invited to meet there the members of the Executive Board, one or more of whom will be present during the days of the Conference.

MRS. J. W. ANDREWS, *President.*
EMILY A. FIFIELD, *Recording Secretary.*

RAILROAD FARES.

Over any of the Trunk Lines east of Chicago a reduction of one-third the regular first-class passenger rates will be made, as follows: At the time of purchasing the ticket for Saratoga (which must be continuous) each person will state to the ticket agent that he is going to the Unitarian Convention at Saratoga, and wants a certificate for reduced fare. He will then be charged the full fare from starting point to Saratoga. At the Convention one of its officers will properly indorse the return certificate, which, when it is presented to the ticket agent at the depot, will entitle the holder to a return ticket at one third (⅓) the regular rates.

Persons availing themselves of this reduction must apply at least one-half hour before the train starts, as the certificate has to be filled in.

If twenty persons start from Chicago on the afternoon of the 20th, a sleeping car will be reserved for the party on the Michigan Central, and will run through to Saratoga without change. Apply without delay to Mrs. M. H. Perkins, 175 Dearborn St.

Certificate of Fellowship.

This certifies that we have examined the credentials of Mr. Chas. G. Brown, formerly connected with the Methodist denomination, who now applies for fellowship in the Unitarian ministry. We believe his character and qualifications justify our hopes of his useful service in such church as shall invite him to its work.

J. C. LEARNED, GEORGE A. THAYER, S. M. CROTHERS, } Western Conference of Fellowship.

August, 1891.

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